ninutely. 91 TC "I wonder you can touch it," said I, in

and, in the ready apprehension of evil born of a happiness that seems too great,

I cried out to know if there were bad tid-

ings.
"There's nothing that touches us nearly,"

The vicar had followed me and now stood

The vicar had followed me and now stood by me; I looked up and saw that the ugly creature was still in his hand.

"It concerns madame, Simon," said Barbara. "She is dead, and all the town delens that she had notes given to have in a

clares that she had poison given to her in a

re, for I remembered the winning grace

and wit of the unhappy lady.
"But who has done it?" I cried.
"I don't know," said my lord. "It is set

down to her husband, rightly or wrongly, who knows?"
A sflence ensued for a few moments. The

vicar stopped and set his captive free to crawl away on the path. "God has crushed one of them, Simon," said he. "Are you content?"

"Nay, I try not to believe it of her," said

In a graver mood we began to walk, and

presently, as the thing chanced, Barbara and I distanced the slow steps of our elders

and found ourselves at the manor gates

"I am very sorry for madame," said she, sighing heavily. Yet presently, because by the mercy of Providence our cwn joy outwelghs others' grief, and thus we can pass

brough the world with unbroken hearts she looked up at me with a smile, and, passing her arm through mine, drew her-self close to me.

"Aye, be merry, tonight at least be herry, my sweet," said I. "For we have

come through a forest of troubles, and are

"Safe and together," said she.
"Without the second, where would be the

"Yet," sald Barbara, "I fear you'll make

"Yet," said Barbara, "I fear you'll make a bad husband; for here at the very beginning—nay, I mean before the beginning—you have deceived me."
"I protest—!" I cried.
"For it was from my father only that I heard of a visit that you paid in London." I bent my head and looked at her.
"I would not trouble you with it," said I.
"It was no more than a due of civility."
"Simon, I don't grudge it to her. For I am here in the country with you and she

am here in the country with you and she is there in London without you."
"And in truth," said I, "I believe that you are both best pleased."

For a long while then we walked in

silence, while the afternoon grew full and waned again. They mock at lovers' talk; let them, say I with all my heart, so that they leave our siler ce sacred. But at last Barbara turned to me and said with a little leave.

"Art glad to have come home, Simon?"
Verily I was glad. In body I had wandered some way, in mind and heart further,

through many dark ways, turning and twisting here and there, leading I knew

not whither, seeming to leave no track by which I might regain my starting point. Yet, although I felt it not, the thread was

in my hand, the golden thread spun here in Hatchstead when my days were young. At length the hold of it had tightened and

perceiving it, had turned and followed.

Thus it had brought me home, no better in purse or station than I went and poorer

by the loss of certain dreams that haunted me, yet, as I hope, sound in heart and soul. I looked and in the dark eyes that

were set on me as though there were their refuge, joy and life; she clung to me as though even still I might leave her. But

the last fear fled, the last doubt faded away and a smile came in radiant serenity on the lips I loved as, bending dcwn, I

"And you have utterly forgotten her?"

See how I stood! Wilt thou forgive me,

and still not forget the things which have been. "What are you thinking of, Simon?" ny wife asks sometimes when I lean back in my chair and smile. "Of nothing, sweet," say I. And in the state of the sweet,"

THE END.

ART AND ARTISTS.

There are only two works in sculpture

that are yet to arrive at the Congressional

Library, the group of figures for the clock

in the reading room and the statue of

Michael Angelo. The latter has been

n odeled by Paul W. Bartlett, whose strik-

ing figure of Columbus was placed not

long ago on the railing of the rotunda bal-

cory. The nymph mounted upon a sea

horse, which completes the fountain group

by Roland Hinton Perry, has just been

placed in position, and the group may now

be seen in its entirely. The nymph is quite

sin ilar to the one which was placed in

front of the right-hand niche some time

ago, and both nereld and sea horse are

splendid in action and movement. Prep-

arations are being made to put in place the

bronze doors, which arrived recently. They

were modeled by Herbert Adams, the sub

ject being "Writing," one of the three principal ways in which knowledge has been disseminated.

a man may be very happy as he is

tle laugh:

Nelly?

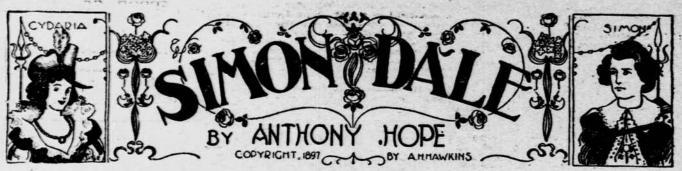
her," said Barbara, "I canno

here safe out on the other side.'

cup of chicory water. Is it not pitiful?"

Indeed, the tidings came as a sho

said my lord, "but very pitiful news



CHAPTER XXV-Continued.

His words, and even more, the tone in which he spoke, and the significant glance of his eyes, declared his meaning. The bardenounce till he fulfilled it. When would he fulfill it? He would not empty his bas-

ket, but still have scmetling to give when he dealt with the King of France. I wondered that he should speak to me so openly; he knew that I wendered, yet, though

his smile was bitter, he smiled still. "I bowed to him and answered: "I am no talker, sir, of matters too great for me."

"That's well. I know you for a gentle man of great discretion, and I desire to serve you. You have something to ask of me, Mr. Dale?"

"The smallest thing in the world for your majesty, and the greatest for me.' "A pattern, then, that I wish all requests might follow. Let me hear it." 'It is no more than your majesty's favor for my efforts to win the woman whom I

He started a little, and for the first time in all the conversation ceased to fondle the little dog. The woman whom you love? Well, sir,

"The worsan whom you love? Well, sir, and does she love you?"
"She has told me so, sir."
"Then, at least, she wished you to believe it. Do I know this lady?"
"Very well, sir," I answered in a mighty

significant tone. He was very visibly perturbed. A man come to his years will see a ready rival in every youth, however little other attraction there may be. But perhaps I had treated him too freely already, and now he used me well. I would keep up the jest no longer. "Once. sir." I said, "for a while I loved where the king loved, even as I drank of

"I know, Mr. Dale. But you say once." "It is gone by, sir."
"But yesterday?" he exclaimed, abruptly.

"She is a great comedian, sir, but I fear seconded her efforts badly." He did not answer for a moment, but began again to play with the dog. Then rais-ing his eyes to mine he said: "You are well enough; she played divine-

ly, Mr. Dale. he played for life, sir." "Aye, poor Nell loves me," said he softly.
"I had been cruel to her. But I won't
weary vou with my affairs. What would

"Mistress Gwyn, sir, has been very kind to me."
"So I believe," remarked the king.

"But my heart, sir, is now and has been or long irrevocably set on another." "On my faith, Mr. Dale, and speaking as one man to another. I'm glad to hear it.

Was ! so at Canterbury?'
"More than ever before, sir. For she was "I know she was there." "Nay, sir, I mean the other, her whom I

leve, her whom I now woo. I mean Mis-tress Barbara Quinton, sir."

The king looked down and frowned. He patted his dog, he looked up again, frowning still. Then a queer smile bent his lips, and he said in a voice which was most

grave, for all his smile:
"You remember M. de Perrencourt?"
"I remember M. de Perrencourt very "It was by his choice, not mine, Mr. tale, that you set out for Calais." "So I understood at the time, sir."

"And he is believed, both by himself and others, to choose his men-perhaps you will allow me to say his instruments, Mr. Dale—better than any prince in Christen-dom. So you would wed Mistress Quin-ton? Well, sir, she is above your station." "I was to have been made her husband,

repeated, smiling at my retort, but con-ceiving that it needed no answer. "She's not above your majesty's persuasion, or, rather, her father is not She

"Nay, but she is above your station," he

needs none."
"You do not err in modesty, Mr. Dale." "How should I, sir. I, who have drunk of

the king's cup?"
"So that we should be friends?"

"And known what the king hid?"
"So that we must stand or fall together?"
"And loved where the king loved?"

He made no answer to that, but was sileut for a great while. I was conscious that many eyes were on us in wonder that I was so long with him, in speculation what our business might be, and ence came the favor that gained me such distinction. I paid little heed, for I was seeking to follow the thoughts of the king and hoping that I had won him to I asked only leave to lead a quiet life with her whom I loved, setting a bound at once to my ambition and to the plans which he had made concerning her Nay, I believe that I might have claimed some hold over him, but I would not. A gentleman may not levy hush money,

Yet I feared that he might suspect me, nd I said:
"Today I leave the town, sir, whether I have what I ask of you or not, and whether I have what I ask of you or not I am silent. If your majesty will not grant it me, yet in all things that I may be, I am your loyal subject."
To all this-perhaps it rang too solemn,

however fair the coins seem in his eyes.

as the words of a young man are apt to at the moments when his heart is moved—he answered nothing, but, looking up with a whimsical smile, said:

"Tell me, now, how do you love this Mistress Quinton?" On this I fell suddenly into a great fit of shame and bashful embarrassment. The assurance that I had gained at court for-

sook me, and I was tongue-tied as any "I-I don't know," I stammered.
"Nay, but I grow old. Pray tell me, Mr. he urged, beginning to laugh at my

For my life I could not. It seems to me that the more a man feels a thing the harder it is for him to utter it. Sacred things are secret, and the hymn must not be heard save by the Deity.

The king suddenly bent forward and beckoned. Rochester was passing by; with him now was the Duke of Monmouth. They approached I howed to the

They approached. I bowed to the duke, who returned my salute most cava-lierly. He had small reason to be pleased with me, and his brow was puckered.

king seemed to find fresh amusement in
his son's bearing, but he made no remark
on it, and, addressing himself to Roches-

"Here, my lord, is a young gentleman much enamored of a lovely and most chaste maiden. I ask him what this love of his is—for my memory fails—and, be-hold, he cannot tell me. In case he doesn't know what it is that he feels, I pray you

Rochester looked at me with an ironical "Am I to tell what love is?" he asked.

"Aye, and with your utmost eloquence," answered the king, laughing still and pinching his dog's cars

Rochester twisted his face into a grimace Rochester twisted his lace his lace and looked appealingly at the king.
"There's no escape; today I am a tyint," said the king.
"Hear, then, youths," said Rochester, and

his face was smoothed in a pensive and gentle expression. "Love is madness and the only sanity, delirium and the only blindness and the only vision, folly and the only wisdom. It is. "He broke off and cried impatiently, "I have forgotten

"Why, my lord, you never knew what it is," said the king. "Alone of us here, Mr. Dale knows, and since he cannot tell us, the knowledge is lost to the world. James, have you any news of my friend, M. de knowledge is lost to the world

Fontelles."
"Such news as your majesty has," answered Monmouth. "And I hear that my Lord Carford will not die."
"Let us be as thankful as is fitting for

profit to cut it off. That was done once, head. I bowed, turned again and was "And here is your majesty on the throne," interposed Rochester, with a most loyal bow.
"James," said the king, "our friend Mr.
Dale desires to wed Mistress Barbara Quin-

ion."

Monmouth started violently and turned red.
"His admiration for that lady," continued the king, "has been shared by such high and honorable persons that I cannot doubt it to be well founded. Shall he not then

Monmouth's eyes were fixed on me. I met his glance with an easy smile. Again I felt that I, who had worsted M. de Perrencourt, need not fear for the Duke of Monmouth

"If there be any man," observed Rochester, "who would love a lady who is not a wife and yet is fit to be his wife, let him take her, in heaven's name. For he might voyage as far in search of another like her as M. de Fontelles must in his search for a

"Shall he not have her, James?" asked the king of his son.

Monmouth understood that the game was

"Aye, sir, let him have her," he answered, mustering a smile. "And I hope soon to see your court graced by her presence."
Well, at this I, most advertently, and by an error in demeanor which I now deplore sincerely, burst into a short, sharp laugh. The king turned to me with raised eye-

"Pray, let us hear the jest, Mr. Dale," "Why, sir," I answered, "there is no jest. I don't know why I laughed, and I pray your pardon humbly."
"Yet there was something in your mind,"

the king insisted. "Then, sir, if I must say it, it was no more than this, if I would not be married in Calais, neither will I be married in Whitehall."

There was a moment's silence. It was broken by Rochester.
"I am dull," said he. "I don't understand that observation of Mr. Dale's." "That may well be, my lord," said Charies, and he turned to Monmouth, smil-ing maliciously as he asked, "Are you as

paths that crossed diverged again. Yet, as all men know, he carried out his gospel. There he sat till his life's end, whether by

God's grace or the devil's help I know not. But there he sat, and never did he empty his basket lest, having given all, he should have nothing to carry to market. It is not for me to judge him now; yet then, when I had the choice set before me, there in his own palace, I had passed my verdict. I do not repent it. For good or evil, in wisdom or in foily, in mere honesty or the extravagance of sentiment, I had made my choice. I was of the mind of M. de Fon-telles, and I went forth to wait till there should be a king whom a gentleman could serve. Yet to this day I am sorry that he made me tell him of my choice.

CHAPTER XXVI.

I Come Home. I have written the foregoing for my children's sake, that they may know that once

their father played some part in great affairs, and rubbing shoulder to shoulder with folk of high degree, bore himself, as I venture to hope, without disgrace, and even with that credit which a ready brain and hand bring to their possessor. Here, then, I might well come to an end and deny myself the pleasure of a last few words indited for my own comfort and to please a greedy recollection. The chil-dren, if they read, will laugh. Have you not seen the mirthful wonder that spreads on a girl's face when she comes by chance on some relic of her father's wooing, a faded wreath that he has given her mother or a nosegay tied with a ribbon and a poem attached thereto? She will look in her father's face and thence to where her mother sits at her needlework just where she has sat at her needlework these twenty years, with her old kind smile and comfortable eyes. The girl loves her, loves her well, but—how came father to write those words? For mother, though the dearest creature in the world, is not slim nor dazzing, nor a queen, nor is she Venus her-self, decked in colors of the ralnbow, nor a goddess come from heaven to men, nor



"MY GOSPEL IS TO SIT HERE."

dull as my lord here, James, or do you understand what Mr. Dale would say? Monmouth's mood hung in the balance between anger and amusement. I had crossed and thwarted his fancy, but it was not more than a fancy. And I had crossed which to write to mother, the dearest and thwarted M. de Perrancourt's also, creature in the world but no not Venus know that he could have done me harm, and it was as much from a pure liking for him as from any apprehension of his disfavor that I rejoiced when I saw his kindly thoughts triumph and smile come on his

"Plague take the fellow," said he, "I understand him. On my life, he's wise."
I bowed low to him, saying: "I thank your grace for your understanding."
Rochester sighed heavily.
"This is wearisome," said he. "Shall we

walk?

"You and James shall walk," said the ding. "I have yet a word for Mr. Dale."

As they went he turned to me and said: Yet will you leave us? I could find work for you here."
I did not know what to answer him. He

saw my hesitation.
"The basket will not be emptled," said he, in a low and cautious voice. "It will be emptied neither for M. de Perrencourt nor the King of France. You look very hard at me, Mr. Dale, but you needn't search my face so closely. I will tell you what you desire to know. I have had my price, but I do not empty my basket." Having said this, he sat leaning his head on his hands, with his eyes cast up at m from under his swarthy, bushy brows.

There was a long silence then between us. For myself, I do not deny that youthful ambition again cried to me to take his offer, while pride told me that even at Whitehail I could guard my honor and all that was mine. I could serve him. Since he told me his secrets, he must and would save me. And he had in the end dealt fairly and kindly with me.

The king struck his right hand on the

arm of his chair suddenly and forcibly "I sit here," said he. "It is my work to sit here. My brother has a conscience; how long will he sit here? James is a fool; how long would he sit here? Sames is a foot; how long would he sit here? They laugh at me or snarl at me, but here I sit, and here I will sit till my life's end, by God's grace or the devil's help. My gospel is to sit here."

I had never before seen him thus moved, and never had so plain a glimpse of his heart, nor of the resolve which lay beneath his lightness and frivolity. Whence came that one unswerving resolution I know not, yet I do not think that it stood on nothing better than his indolence and a hatred for geing again on his travels. There was more than that in it; perhaps he seemed to himself to hold a fort, and considered all stratagems and devices well justified against the energy. I made him no account. against the enemy. I made him no answer, but continued to look at him. His passion passed as quickly as it had come, and he was smiling again, with his ironical smile,

was smilling again, with his froncar shift, as he said to me:

"But my gospel need not be yours. Our paths have crossed. They need not run side by side. Come, man, I have spoken to the said by side. Seash helply to me." He to you plainly. Speak plainly to me." He paused, and then, leaning forward, said: "Perhaps you are of M. de Fontelles' mind? Will you join him in his search? Abandon it! You had best go to your home and wait. Heaven may one day send you what you desire. Answer ma, sir: Are you

His vot e now had the ring of command in it, and I could not but answer. And when I come to answer there was but one when I came to answer there was but one thirg to say. He had told me the terms of my service. What was it to me that he sat there, if honor and the kingdom's greatness, and all that makes a crown worth the wearing must go in order to his sitting there? There rose in me at once an inclination toward him, and a loathing for the gospel that he preached; the last was stronger, and, with a bow, I said:

"Aye, sir, I am of M. de Fontelles' mind."
He heard me lying back in the chair. He said nothing, but sighed slightly, puckered his brow an instant, and smiled. Then he held out his hand to me, and I bent and kizsed it.

"Good-bye, Mr. Dale," said he. "I don't

of the Frenchman's mind?"

"Such news as your majesty has," answered Monmouth. "And I hear that my Lord Carford will not die."

"Let us be as thankful as is fitting for that," said the king. "M. de Fontelles sent me a very uncivil message; he is leaving England, and goes, he tells me, to seek a king whom a gentleman may serve."

"Is the genteman about to kill himself?" asked Rochester, with an affected air of grave concern.

"He's an insolent rascal," cried Monmouth angrily. "Will he go back to France?"

"Why, yes, in the end, when he has tried the rest of my brethren in Europe. A man's king is like his nose; the nose may not be handsome, James, but it's small

that father calls her in the poem. Indeed, what father wrote is something akin to what the squire slipped into her own hand last night, but it is a strange strain in in her glory, nor the queen of the nymphs. But though the maiden laughs her father is not ashamed. He sees still her to whom he wrote, and when she smiles across the room at him and smiles again to see daughter's wonder, all the years fade from the picture's face, and the vision stands as once it was, though my young mis-tress' merry eyes have not the power to see it. Let her laugh. God forbid that I see it. Let her laugh. God for should grudge it of her. Soon enough shall she sit sewing and another laugh. made my Lord Rochester so merry. In most brilliantly. Well, had I been a French. much, and I suppose that, although an Englishman, I do not hate him greatly, since his ring is often on my wife's finger

and I see it there without pain. It was the day before my wedding should take place, for my lord, on being informed of all that had passed, had sworn roundly that since there was one honest man who scught his daughter, he would not refuse her, lest while he waited for better things



pay me many a compliment, which I could repeat, despite of modesty, if it chanced that I remembered them. But in truth, my head was so full of his daughter that there was no space for his praises, and his well-turned eulogy-for my lord had a pretty flow of words-was as sadly wasted as flow of words—was as sadly wasted as though he had spoken it to the statue of Apollo on his terrace.

I had been taking dinner with the vicar,

I had been taking dinner with the vicar, and since it was not yet time to pay my evening yisit to the manor, I sat with him awhile after our meal, telling him, for his entertainment, how I had talked with the king at Whitehall, what the king had said and what I, and how my Lord Rochester had talked finely of the devil, and tried, but failed, to talk of love. He drank in all with eager ears, weighing the wit in a balance and trying to see, through my recollection, the life and the scene and the men that were so strangs to his eves and so

lection, the life and the scene and the men that were so strange to his eyes and so familiar to his dreams.

"You don't appear very indignant, sir," I ventured to observe, with a smile.

We were in the porch, and for answer to what I said he pointed to the path in front of us. Following the direction of his finger, I perceived a fly of a species with which I, who am a poor student of nature, was not familiar. It was villainously ugly, although here and there on it were patches of bright color.

although here and there on it were patches of bright color.

"Yet," said the vicar, "you are not indignant with it, Simon?"

"No, I am not indignant," I admitted.

"But if it were to crawl over you."

"I should crush the brute," I cried.

"Yes. They have crawled over you and

Carford was gone, well-nigh healed of his wound, healed also of his love, I trust, at least headed off from it. M. de Fontelies was gone also on that quest of his which deed, I fear that in this case the scoffer had the best of it, for he whom I have called M. de Perrencourt was certainly served again by his indignant subject, and that man I could have forgiven King Louis

On Wednesday afternoon an informal reception was held at the studio of Miss Aline Solomons and Miss Bertha Perrie, in order that Mr. Thomas Nelson Page and the members of the Art Students' League might become better acquainted. The affair proved very enjoyable and a more intimate footing was established between the students and Mr. Page, who was elected an associate member of the organization at a recent meeting. A meeting of the league was held on Tuesday afternoon, but aside from the election of Mrs. Mueller to membership little was accomplished save the regular routine of business.

event of the winter, and collectors have flocked to the metropolis from all parts of the country. The large number of Washirgion collectors who went on to New York to attend the sale gives ground for the hope that several paintings from this spienild array of masterpleces may find a permanent resting place in this city. The colection was particularly strong in examples of the so-called Roman-Spanish school, of

The sale of the Stewart collection in New York this week is the most notable art

of the so-called Röman Spanish school, of which Fortuny was the leader, and included no less than twenty live pictures from the brush of that brilliant painter. Rico, Zamacois, Boldini and Madrazo, artists belonging to the same school, were also strongly represented though Mr. Stewart showed his catholicity of taste by including in his collection examples by Meissonier, Troyon, Decamps, Corot, Daubigny, Rousseau, Harpignies, Bonvin, Gerome, Bonnat, Baudry, Menzel, Alma Tadema and many others.

For several years the Washington public has had no such opportunity to study the work of our leading illustrators as is afforded in the collection of original draw-ings now on free exhibition at Gilbert's studio, on the corner of 11th and F. The works were placed on view last week and will remain there until February 12. An exhibition of originals by perhaps a score of the best American Illustrators is of mor than passing interest to every one, but its histructive value to students cannot easily be overestimated. Lovery of pen work will naturally linger over the masterly line work of Charles Dana Gibson, who is represented by a number of superb pen draw-

you are indignant. They have not crawled ever me, and I amicwicks."

"But, sir, will yith allow a man no distretested moral effoctors?"

"As much as he will, and he shall be cool at the end of it," similed the vicar. "Now, if they took my benefice from me again."

Stooping down, he picked up the creature in his hand, and fell tolexamining it very minutely.

"As much as he will, and he shall be cool at the end of it," similed the vicar. "Now, if they took my benefice from me again."

Stooping down, he picked up the creature in his hand, and fell tolexamining it very minutely.

"As man an indifferent illustration in cray-on. From the reproductions of these originals few would gain an adequate idea of the strength and boldness of his unerring draughtsmanship. The wash drawings by Irving R. Wiles are equally instructive note should be taken of the Mexican street scene and the view in an opera box. Smedley's American types will claim many adequate idea of the strength and boldness of his unerring draughtsmanship. The wash drawings by Irving R. Wiles are equally instructive note should be taken of the Mexican street scene and the view in an opera box. Smedley's American types will claim many adequate idea of the strength and boldness of his unerring draughtsmanship. The wash drawings by Irving R. Wiles are equally instructive notes should be taken of the Mexican street scene and the reproductions of these originals few would gain an adequate idea of the strength and boldness of his unerring draughtsmanship. The wash drawings by Irving R. Wiles are equally instructive scene and the view in an opera box. Smedley's American types will claim many adequate the reproductions of these originals few would gain an adequate idea of the strength and boldness of his unerring drawings by Irving R. Wiles are equally instructive and the strength and boldness of his unerring drawings by Irving R. Wiles are equally instructive and the strength and boldness of his unerring drawings by Irving R. irgs and an indifferent illustration in crayon. From the reproductions of these origlast few would gain an adequate idea of
the strength and boldness of his unerring
draughtsmanship. The wash drawings by
Irving R. Wiles are equally instructive
from a technical standpoint, and special
note should be taken of the Mexican street
scene and the view in an opera box. Smedley's American types will claim many admirers, and the clever though more mannered work of A. B. Wenzell will also find
favor. The work of Alice Barber Stephens disgust.
"You did not quit'the court without some regret, Simon," he reminded me.
I could make nothing of him in this mood and was about to leave him when I perceived my lord and Barbara approaching the house. Springing up, I ran to meet them; they received me with a grave air, and in the ready apprehension of evil favor. The work of Alice Barber Stephe forms a very attractive feature of the display, by reason of its naturalness and lac of affectation, as well as by the happy union of breadth and delicacy in the treatment. Some of her illustrations are in full color and show a good deal of ability in that direction. The collection includes work by Howard Pyle, Thuistrup, Robert Reid, Abbey, Blum and a number of others.

> Next Monday Mr. Lucien Powell will place on view at Veerhoff's gallery an attractive collection of water colors of wide ly varying subjects. The walls will b hung principally with landscapes and marines, but there will also be several street scenes, a class of subjects which the artist shows to very good advantage. The market scene which he exhibited in Nashville deserves especial attention, as it is one of the most carefully studied pictures that has ever come from his easel. The that has ever come from line of irregularly built houses is noticeably good and there are some delightful passages of cool color in this painting. Mr. Powell's strong color sense is evident in all his work, and he is thoroughly in his element when paint-ing the brilliant hues of a Venetian scene or the rich coloring of an autumn land-scape. His work is never lacking in breadth, but on the contrary he often pushes freedom of handling to the extreme, so that in a contemplation of the contemplation. so that in a contemplation of the picture the brush work is unduly apparent. In his storm scenes he rarely falls to give a good of movement, and in one motive he will exhibit the trees bending before the wind and the threatening cloud masses behind are very suggestive.

Mr. Carl Rohl Smith, the Chicago sculp tor, is at work in the studio he has fitted up on Brightwood avenue, and is busy with the modeling of the bas reliefs for the pedestal of the Sherman statue. He will not commence work on Gen. Sherman and his steed until spring, and he will then be gin operations in the temporary studio that has been erected just back of the treasury, near the spot where the statue is to stand. In the construction of this spacious studio, arrangements were made so that the model may be rolled, from time to time, out into the open air and seen under the changing effects of sunlight and in the setting that the completed statue is

The bust of Professor Alexander Melville Bell, which Mr. Carl Heber has just completed, has lost none of the force and vigor which it possessed in the early stages of the work, for the young sculptor has not weakened the general breadth of treatment in adding the refining touches. Every line and wrinkle plays its part in bringing out the character of the head, and the expression is given in the simplest and most direct way. So admirable a subject might well be inspiration for any sculptor, and Mr. Heber is at his best in the modeling of just such strong types. Occasionally he appears to equally good advantage in work of a more subtle delicate nature, such as the suavely modeled profile of a friend which he finished not long ago. In his strdio a well-constructed figure study which he has under way also testifies to his ability. Mr. Heber comes to Washington to assist Mr. Carl Rohl Smith in his work on the Sherman statue, and while a comparative stranger here, his work is favorably known in his home city-Chi-

Miss S. W. Kelly has upon her easel a charming flower study, which shows that she "Aye, I am glad to have come home."
But there was one thing more that I must say. Her need tell on my shoulder, as she murmured:
"And you have Her eyes were safely hidden. I smiled is I answered, "Utterly." an exhibition before long, in which she will show what little work she has done in the past three or four months and also the many water colors that she made during summers Several of these are sepia lrawings made near Sligo, but the best of her work was done in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry. One of these sketches, showing a dilapidated negro cabin overhung sweet," say I. And in truth I am not thinking; it is only that a low laugh echoes distantly in my ear. Faithful and loyal am I, but—should such as Nell leave naught with the spreading branches of an old tree, is, in its streng effect of sunlight, one of the best thirgs that Miss Kelly has in he

> Mr. U. S. J. Dunbar has finished the bust of Mr. Isherwood, which he has been modeling in New York, and his work has rereturn to Washington as seen as he has finished some other business there, and ne s expected about the last of next week.

Miss Katherine Chipman, who has been working in New York during the early part of the winter, plans to come to Washington during the first part of this month. She has just finished a very successful portrait of Mrs. Donald McLean, regent of the New York city chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution. Mrs. McLean is much in the public eye at present, as she is expected to be the next president general of the society. Miss Chipman's portrait has been highly spoken of in New York, and those who remember her pleasing water color work can easily understand her suc-

* *
The latest product of a Washington laboratory whose gold ware has already brought it fame is now attracting wide attention in New York. It is a small violet holder of royal Worcester ware, whose diminutive surface reflects all the colors and brilliancy of a fire opal. In the dark, it flashes with phosphorent beauty. It is the choice piece, a museum piece, connoisseurs declare, of a large output of the ware that was sent to New York by the Misses Healey of Washington just before Christmas. It was valued then at \$25. It s valued now at \$100, though it has been vithdrawn from sale, and is to be mounted. Miss Emily Healey, while working in her aboratory a few months ago, disco the process which gives to ner gold ware this iridescent effect. Like the process for the production of the gold ware, this, of course, is a secret, and doubly valuable, as it has the distinction, it is claimed, of being actually something new.

An indisputable proof of its metallic surface, as distinguished from the glazed sur-

faces of other wares is its opacity. Held to the light, no ray penetrates it, whereas in the glazed wares, the light filters through at least in spots. Two hundred cards are out to artists and connoisseurs, inviting them, on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, to a view of a number of beautiful pieces of the ware that are now ready for shipment.

"Alfonso," said Mrs. Midas, "here is a heading in this paper that says 'Had One Wife Too Many.' The rest of the article is torn off. How many wives do you think the brute had?"
"One, probably," was Midas' prompt reply.—Detroit Free Press.



THE HOUSE OF LORDS

Points of Resemblance Between It and the Senate.

HOW A NEW PEER TAKES HIS SEAT

Curious Ceremonies of England's Hereditary Chamber.

AS A COURT OF APPEAL

Written for The Evening Star.

Mr. Alexander MacDonnell, clerk of the house of lords, London, has just returned home after a visit of several weeks to this country. In the course of his trip Mr. Mac-Donnell visited Washington and was thus enabled to make a comparison between the nethods of our own Senate and the august body with which he is officially connected. "How do the methods of conducting busi-

ness in the house of lords compare with those of the American Senate?" he was asked. "Well, in reality," said the clerk to the British peers, "there isn't as much differ-

ence as you would imagine. It doubtless will surprise most Americans, as I know it would most Englishmen, to know that the two houses get through their work in the same way to a large extent "I will confess that I was a little disap-

"I will confess that I was a little disappointed in your Senate. I expected to find fire, eloquence, animated debate, and I didn't get it. Perhaps it was because there was no great question on for consideration at the time of my visit. As I saw it, the chamber was certainly very quiet, and there was no lack of dignity and decorum in its conduct. I did not see any drawn revolvers, bowie knives or fist fights such as we have sometimes heard about in England. Perhaps some of those were myths.

Rather a Disappointment.

"I have admitted that I didn't find the American Senate altogether as I had fancied it, and I dare say that you would be even more disappointed when you came to look into the house of lords."

"But isn't there much more ceremony in the work of the peers?"

"Ordinarily, no; on certain occasions, yes," replied Mr. MacDonnell. 'here seems to be a notion more or less preva-' here lent over here that the members of the lords sit about on separate thrones, clad in robes of state, and with coronets on their heads. In reality the peers usually sit in morning dress, and not always very cor-rect dress at that. The members wear their hats in the chamber, though nobody else is permitted to remain covered there. Most of the regular attendants are buried in papers, and they speak, as your sena tors do, like barristers, trying to bring out their points clearly, rather than with any attempt at eloquence. The numbers in at-tendance seem to be very nearly the same, though of course the membership of the house of lords is much greater. There are about 550 eligible voters now, but the largest vote that has been recorded in recent years was about 330, I think. That was on Mr. Gladstone's home rule measure, which was summarily thrown out by a which great majority.

The Queen's Assent.

"Of course the peers have certain offices and certain formal functions which are inherited, and some of these require a great deal of ceremony. For example, the fermal notification of the royal assent is one of these, and when the assent of the crown to any list of measures is to be formally expressed the lord commissioners athas a special gift for subjects of that kind. The flowers are drawn with delicacy and precision and are very true in color. The vase of Venetian glass which is introduced and his attendants are also present in the space reserved for them. At a table mid-tis appearance of semi-transparency. Miss Kelly's work has been very much interrupted this winter, but she expects to hold to one and then the other of these groups so that if his list is a long one he gets a good bit of exercise out of the performance. After each title he repeats the words, 'Le reyne le veult' (the queen assents). The words, and, in fact, the whole ceremony, are given exactly as they were in the first parliaments. "Two years ago an attempt was made

to modify this ceremony, to the extent of having the words pronounced in English, but it was not done and the tence is still spoken in its Norman-French form.

"Another occasion which is attended with formal ceremony is the creating of a new peer. The new member is con ducted into the chamber, clad in his robes, and preceded by the garter king-at-arms. ceived much praise there. Mr. Dunbar will If a baron, he sits down on what is known as the baron's bench, if a viscount at the viscount's bench, and so on. After a moment he rises and bows to the lord chanwho returns the bow, removing the cocked hat which he wears for the occasion. The distinction between the various benches, by the way, is kept up only on the introduction of new members; at other times the peers sit wherever is most con-venient, except the lords spiritual, who still occupy a particular section, as they have from time immemorial.

How the Peers Do Business.

"There are certain peculiarities in the manner of conducting debate in the house of lords not found in most legislative chambers. For instance, a member on rising to speak does not address the chair, but invariably begins, 'My lords.' Thus, if two members wish to speak at the same time, the lord chancellor does not decide which shall have the floor. One gives way of his own accord, or else some other nember calls out which shall continue. In body like the commons or your own Congress this arrangement might not work well, but among the peers there is never any difficulty over it.

"Another peculiarity of the lords is that the sittings are very brief compared with those of other houses. The peers do not convene till 4:15 in the afternoon and rise the lords have a small amount of business to consider compared with the vast bulk that passes through the hands of the com-

"When the lord chancellor himself wishes to speak he steps aside from his accustomed place during his address. There is a curious reason for this. It is that the woolsack is technically considered as outside the house of lords. It has happened on one or two occasionas that it has been occupied by one who was not a peer.'

The Woolsack. "What is the woolsack?"

"The woolsack is the name given to the "The woolsack is the name given to the lord chancellor's seat. It is a crimson cushion, with no side or back support, and be about right."—Tit-Bits.

A Good Start

by reason of the An ordinary man

the right remedy to reinforce nature. The average in good health eats he gets a little qui In some instances be gets thin and emaciated. In others he gets grossly corpulent, and weighted down with flabby fat. In the first instance he is a candidate for dyspepsia and nervous prostration. In the second for kidney trouble or heart failure. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enables the average man to underso

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery en-ables the average man to undergo a great deal of hardship, deprivation and over-work, in spite of the life he leads. It causes the food to be properly assimilated. It builds firm, healthy flesh, but does not make corpulent people more fat. It cures dys-pepsia, nervous troubles, kidney disease and 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It prevents weakness in any organ of the body. "In August 1805. I was taken down in bad "In August, 1895, I was taken down in bed with a burning and severe pains in my stomach and under my shoulders, and dizriness in my head," writes Ira D. Herring, Esq., of Emporia, Volusia Co., Fla. "My home physician said my symptoms were like consumption. Nothing that I ate would digest, and I had great distress in my stomach. I wrote Dr. Pierce for advice, and took four bottles of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and three of 'Pleesant Pellets.' I am now able to do my work and eat many things that I could not touch before I took these medicines."

An inactive liver and constipated bowels are promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They never gripe.

not especially comfortable to sit upon. The name comes from the fact that the longest and most finely combed fleece in England was once used for its covering. There are several other terms peculiar to the house of lords which are not generally understood. For instance, the painted champer is not a picture gallery. It is the room where the peers and commons are supposed to meet when they come together in conference. As these conferences have been dispensed with it is not used for that row. It takes its name from its rich fres-ces and paintings, and is called the painted room in contrast with the chamber painted room in contrast with the chamber in which the peers transact their regular business. The latter is known as the "gild-ed room," on account of its gold decora-tions. Pitt was accustomed to speak of the house of lords as 'the tapestry,' referring to the many rich tapestries with which the chambers are hung."
"The house of lords is also the supreme court of England, is it not?"

"The law lords sit as a court of appeal.

This court includes not only the life peers created from the judicial ranks, but any of the members who have held high ju-dicial position. It is presided over by the lord chancellor and sits as a court four days in the week when there is business for it to consider. The lord chancellor does not sit on the woolsack on these occasi except when he delivers judgment, when he resumes that place."

Talk Like Senators

"Do the peers have any rule for closing debate, or are they, like our own senators at Washington, allowed to talk as long as they please?"

"There is nothing to prevent a peer from talking just as long as he pleases, except the considerable one of the lack of an audience, if he makes himself a bore. But the peers usually show a clear majority one way or another on any question that comes before them, and there is little inducement or another on any question that comes to the members to talk for the mere purpose of obstruction."
"Then you do not consider the house of

lords an antiquated institution?

"Not at all, unless by antiquated you mean old in point of years. The prevailing atmosphere of the chamber is one of the chamber is one of the chamber in that comes ing atmosphere of the chamber is one of business, and it does the work that comes to it with reasonable dispatch and, as of those acquainted with it will agree, with intelligence. It is also erroneous to

suppose that the house of peers is an as-semblage of old men. It is being constant-ly recruited by young men, and a majority of its members are still in their prim LONDON'S UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

How the Rondbed is Used to Star and Stop Trains. In designing the new London under-

ground railroad the engineers have hit upon a new scheme which may be adopted hereafter on surface roads. There are no grades in the tunnel, but at various points the roadbed itself has been inclined so that it can be used as a brake or as a speed accelerator for trains. On each side of each station is a 3 per cent gradient, rising on the approaching side and falling again to the level of the road on the departing side. This unique method gives a retarding effect to all trains approaching the stations equivalent to the application of considerable additional brake power, while materially aiding in the acceleration of all trains as they leave the platforms. Furthermore, the saving in power necessary to secure the requisite rapid ac-celeration is by the adoption of this plan calculated to amount to about 38 per cent This is a point in modern railway practice which might well be adopted by surface roads. The new London underground follows the line of greatest traffic in the city It runs from Liverpool street due west, under Holburn, High Holburn, Oxford street and past Hyde Park as far as Shep-

herds Bush.
The road will receive passengers from the great underground central depot, now in course of construction by the Central London Railway Company, between the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange, brought in by the main lines of the Lon-don and Northwestern, Midland and Londen and Southwestern railroads. It is especially at this point in the city that crossing streets is a perilous task, and the railroad company is now engaged in construct-ing a series of subways immediately below the surface for the convenience of pedestrians and as approaches to its own station below. From this central depot will radiate not less than five underground tunnels, some 85 feet below the surface, each feeding a separate and equally populous dis-trict of the great agglomeration known as

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delicate quality

for a Good Dinner."

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